

Hymnals

S E L E C T
H Y M N S
A N D
A N T H E M S,
O N

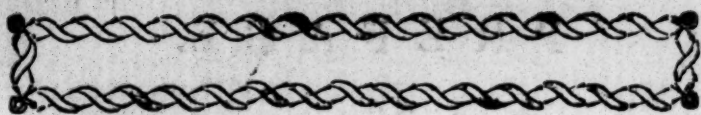
Religious Subjects,
TAKEN FROM
DAVID'S PSALMS,
AND OTHER
PASSAGES of HOLY SCRIPTURE;
AND SUNG AT
TUNBRIDGE-WELLS CHAPEL.

*I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with
the Understanding also.* St. Paul.

S I X T H E D I T I O N .

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T H E

P R E F A C E.

THE design of publishing this small Collection of HYMNS, is to furnish those who have not a larger or better, with some variety of sentiments and of expression suited to the pleasing Duty of singing to the praise of God. The HYMNS are the Compositions of several worthy persons, well known and deservedly esteemed for dedicating their poetical talents to the service of the Sanctuary. The common Version of *David's* Psalms, both old and new, make no part of this Collection. Select portions out of them have been often published; and, among others, one not many years ago, for the use of the neighbourhood of *Lewes*. The present may be looked on as additional

tional to those Collections; and is, indeed, intended to furnish many subjects, extremely proper for a Christian Worshipper to employ his thoughts about: which those several Collections, and the Versions from which they were made, are deficient in.

The Subjects of the following HYMNS are chiefly Christian, and all of universal concern. They may be used with pleasure and Improvement, in public or private; changing only the words *I* and *me*, *we* and *us*, *my* and *our*, &c. as occasion requires. Particular care hath been taken that all the expressions should be general, and that no particular Phrases (the Shibboleth of party) should be admitted; and on this head no reasonable ground of offence should be given to any Believer in the Christian Revelation, and its primary and fundamental truths,

P R E F A C E.

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truths. The being, perfections and providence of God; the life, death, resurrection, ascension, and glorious Kingdom of Jesus Christ; the mortality of man, and the infinitely important concerns of our future being. These, and the consequences which naturally flow from them, are the Subjects sung in these Hymns, and they must be allowed to be of universal concern.

The Language, it is hoped, will appear suitable to the subject, clear, solemn, and manly; free from the no-meaning rant, or extravagant flights of enthusiasm on the one hand, and yet on the other hand, not so low, flat, and unanimated as to disgust persons of discernment and taste.

It was thought proper to accompany these Hymns with a few select Tunes.—They were chosen from many others, perhaps equally good,

A 3

partly

partly because they are not very common, and partly on account of the agreeableness of their melody, fullness of harmony, and ease of modulation. However, it is left as a matter of choice to every person, or Society of Singers, whether they will use these few Tunes, or any others they may be already in possession of.

• In a word, the sole motives of making this Collection public, was the hopes of administering to the pleasure and improvement of those who delight in this most agreeable part of Christian worship: and if that be in any degree obtained, the little labour bestowed therein will be amply compensated.

SELECT

S E L E C T
H Y M N S.

1. *A Morning HYMN, Tune 9, 12, or 21.*
BISHOP KENN.

1 **A** WAKE my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy mispent time that's past,
Live this day as if 'twere thy last;
Thy talents to improve take care,
For the Great Day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works, and ways.

4 Wake

8 SELECT HYMNS.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the Angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unweary'd sing
High glory to the eternal King.

5 Glory to thee who safe has kept,
And has refresh'd me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death may wake,
I may of endless life partake.

6 Lord, I to thee my vows renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard the first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

7 Direct, controul, suggest this day
All I design to do or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole *Glory* may unite.

2. A HYMN of Gratitude to God.

Tune 2, or 20.—ADDISON.

1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O! my God!
My rising soul sureys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

2 Un-

SELECT HYMNS.

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- 2 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a chearful heart,
Which tastes those gifts with joy.
- 4 Thro' ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 5 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more;
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.
- 6 Thro' all Eternity to Thee,
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O! Eternity's too short,
To utter *all* thy praise.

HYMN 3.

HYMN 3. *Morning Worship.* Tune 2.

Psa. 5. Dr. WATTS,

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear,
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my pray'r,
To Thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his Saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make ev'ry path of duty strait
And plain before my face.

SELECT HYMNS.

11

- 6 The men that love and fear thy name
 Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;
 The mighty God shall compass them
 With favour as a shield.

HYMN 4.—*The invisible Creator seen in his Works.—Tune 14, 9, or 23.—Ps. 19. Addison.*

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
 And all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled Heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 The unweary'd sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
 And nightly to the list'ning earth
 Repeats the story of her birth:
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What

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5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball
What tho', nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found.

6 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN 5.—*The Majesty and Glory of God.*
Tune 14, 9, 12, or 23.—Ps. 104.

1 **D**O thou, my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt the great Creator's praise:
But O! what tongue can speak his fame!
What mortal verse can reach the theme!

2 Enthron'd amidst the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears:
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 Before his throne a glitt'ring band,
Of Seraphims and Angels stand;
Ethereal spirits, who in flight
Outwing the active rays of light.

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4 To God all nature owes its birth;
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth;
He rais'd the glorious arch on high,
And floor'd it with the azure sky,

5 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence and wisdom shines;
His works through all this wond'rous frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.

6 Rais'd on Devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till list'ning worlds applaud the song.

HYMN 6. *God's Sovereignty and Goodness.*—

Tune 13. Pf. viii.—Dr. WATTS.

1 **O** LORD, our heavenly king,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the Heaven they shine.

2 When to thy works on high,
I raise my wond'ring eyes,
And see the moon compleat in light,
Adorn the darksome skies.

B

3 When

3 When I survey the stars,
 In all their shining forms;
 Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
 A-kin to dust and worms!

4 Lord, what is worthless man,
 That thou should'st love him so?
 Next to thine Angels is he plac'd,
 And Lord of all below.

5 How rich thy bounties are,
 And wond'rous are thy ways;
 Of dust and worms thy pow'r can raise
 A monument of praise.

HYMN 7. *God's Sovereign Dominion.*

Tune 8.—Isaiah xxvi.

1 **A**lmighty God! thy powerfull word,
 From nothing all things brought;
 Earth' seas, and skies, by thee their Lord,
 With skill divine were wrought.

2 By thee preserv'd, the whole remains,
 A proof of power divine;
 And all that this great *all* contains,
 By sovereign right is thine.

3 Thou

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- 3 Thou over all art Lord supreme,
All these from thee derive;
No being can dispute this claim,
Or independant live.
- 4 To thee, our Lord, we therefore bow,
To thee our *all* resign;
Entire to thee ourselves we vow,
For we are wholly thine.
- 5 To thee, and thee alone we'll live,
From other Lords withdrawn;
No more to Idols homage give,
Nor think ourselves our own.
- 6 Accept what now without reserve,
We to thy will resign;
And let thy mighty grace preserve
And perfect what is thine.

HYMN 8. *The Wisdom of God in his Works.*

Tune 20, 8 or 5.—Ps. cxi. Dr. WATTS.

- 1 **S**ONGS of immortal praise belong,
To our Almighty God;
He has our heart, and he our tongue
To spread his name abroad.

B 2

2 How

- 2 How great the works his hand has wrought,
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th' eternal mind!
His counsels never change the scheme,
That his first thoughts design'd
- 4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
He fix'd his covenant sure:
The orders which his lips pronounce,
To endless years endure.
- 5 Nature, and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim;
What shall we do to make us wise?
But learn to read thy name.
- 6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race,
That best obeys thy will.

HYMN 9. *Praise to God for his Works.*

Tune 16. —Ps. cxxxvi. Dr. WATTS.

1 **G**IVE thanks to God most high,
Jehovah heavenly king;
And let the spacious earth,
His works and glories sing;
Thy power and grace
Are still the same;
And let thy name
Have endless praise

2 How mighty is thy hand!
What wonders hast thou done!
Who form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone;
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

3 Thy wisdom fram'd the sun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars
To cheer the darksome night;

Thy power and grace
 Are still the same,
 And let thy name
 Have endless praise.

- 4 Thine only son is sent
 To save us from our woe,
 From Satan, sin, and death,
 And every hurtful foe;
 Thy mercy, Lord
 Shall still endure,
 And ever sure
 Abides thy word.

HYMN 10.—*God's Government, his Church's
 Joy.*—Tune 17. Isaiah lii. v. 7.
 Dr. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 YE subjects of the Lord, proclaim
 The royal honours of his name;
Jehovah reigns, be all your song;
 'Tis he thy God, O Sion reigns;
 Prepare thy most harmonious strains,
 Glad Hallelujah to prolong.

- 2 Ye princes boast no more your crowns,
But lay the glitt'ring trifles down,
In lowly honors at his feet :
A span your narrow empire bounds ?
He reigns beyond created rounds,
In self-sufficient glory great.
- 3 Tremble ye pageants of a day,
Form'd like your slaves, of brittle clay,
Down to the dust your sceptres bend ;
To everlasting years he reigns,
And undiminish'd pomp maintains,
When kings, and suns, and time shall end.

HYMN 11.—*The Wisdom of God in the human Frame.* Tune 2.—*Ps. cxxxix.* Dr. WATTS.

- 1 **W**HEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey,
Lord 'tis thy work, I own thy hand,
That built my humble clay.
- 2 Thy hand my heart and reins possess,
When unborn nature grew,
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew.
- 3 Thine

- 3 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
The growth of ev'ry part;
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid,
Was copy'd by thy art.
- 4 Heav'n, earth, and sea, and fire; and wind,
Shew me thy wond'rous skill;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.
- 5 Thy awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaim thy praise;
Lord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

HYMN 12. *God our Shepherd.* Tune 18.
Psa. xxiii. ADDISON.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day's walk he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers soft and flow
Amidst the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dismal shade.
- 4 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray ;
Thy presence shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile ;
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN

HYMN 13. *God the Support and Guardian
of the Poor.* Tune 8, or 20.

Psa. lxxxiv. ver. 10.—Dr. DODDRIDGE.

1 PRAISE to the sov'reign of the sky,
Who from his lofty throne,
Looks down on all that humble lie,
And calls such souls his own.

2 The haughty sinner he disdains,
Tho' gems his temples crown;
And from the seat of pomp and pride,
His vengeance hurls him down.

3 On the afflicted pious poor,
He makes his face to shine;
He fills their cottages of clay,
With lustre all divine.

4 Among the meanest of thy flock
There let my dwelling be,
Rather than under gilded roofs,
If absent, Lord, from thee.

5 Poor and afflicted if we be,
In thy strong name we trust;
And bless the hand of sovereign love,
Which lifts us from the dust.

HYMN

HYMN 14. *God hearing Prayer.*—Tune 2,
or 22.—Pl. cxlv. Dr. WATTS.

1 **L**ET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all,
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Our virtue lies distressed,
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

3 The Lord supports our tott'ring days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pains his servants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And their best wishes to fulfill,
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

6 My

- 6 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
 And spread thy fame abroad;
 Let all the sons of Adam raise
 The honors of their God.

HYMN 15. *Divine Bounty crowns the Year.*
Tune 8 or 20.—Ps. lxx. ver. 6, &c.

- 1 **T**IS by thy strength the mountains stand,
 God of eternal power;
 The sea grows calm at thy command,
 And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 The morning light, and evening shade,
 Successive comforts bring;
 The plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
 Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and moons, and times and hours,
 Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
 When clouds distill in fruitful showers,
 The author is divine.
- 4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,
 Borne by the winds around,
 With wat'ry treasures well supply
 The furrows of the ground.

- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And tanks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

HYMN 16. *On the same subject. New Year.*
Tune 14, 9, 12 or 21. Dr. Doddridge. Pl. lxxv.

- 1 **E**TERNAL source of every joy
Well may thy praise our lips employ
While in thy temple we appear,
Thy goodness crowns the circling year.

- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

- 3 The flow'ry spring at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

- 4 Seasons, and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the chearful homage paid,
With op'ning light, and ev'ning shade.

C

5 Here

5 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
 As circling sabbaths bless our eyes ;
 Still will we make thy mercies known,
 Around thy board, and round our own.

6 O may our more harmonious tongues,
 In worlds unknown pursue our songs ;
 And in those brighter courts adore,
 Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN 17. *The Bounties of Providence praised,*
 T. 9, 23, or 21. Dr. Doddridge. Mat. V. 45.

1 **F**ATHER of lights, we sing thy name
 Who kindlest up the lamp of day ;
 Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
 His beams thy power and love display.

2 Fountain of good, from thee proceed
 The copious drops of genial rain ;
 Which thro' the hills, and thro' the meads,
 Revive the grass, and swell the grain.

3 Thro' the wide world thy bounties spread ;
 Yet millions of our guilty race,
 Tho' by thy daily bounty fed,
 Affront thy law, and spurn thy grace,

4 Not

- 4 Not so may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care ;
But what thy lib'ral hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.
- 5 So shall our sun more grateful shine,
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, our God, enjoy'd in all.
- 6 Jesus, our brighter sun arise,
In plenteous show'rs thy spirit send ;
Earth then shall grow a paradise,
And in the heav'nly EDEN end.

HYMN 18. *Desire of Instruction.* Tune 20.
3. or 5. Pl. cxix. Dr. WATTS.

- 1 **T**HY mercies fill the earth, O Lord !
How good thy works appear
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.
- 2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due :
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

3 If once I wander from thy path,
 I think upon my ways;
 Then turn my feet to thy commands,
 And trust thy pardoning grace.

4 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
 O save thy servant, Lord;
 Thou art my shield, my resting place,
 My hope is in thy word.

5 Since I'm a stranger here below,
 Let not thy path be hid;
 But mark the road my feet should go,
 And be my constant guide.

HYMN 19. *Prayer for the Success of the Gospel.* Tune 12, 9 or 21.

Isaiah lxii V. 6, 7. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

1 **I**NDULGENT Sov'reign of the skies,
 And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
 While feeble mortals raise their cries,
 Wilt thou, the great Jehovah hear?

- 2 Look down. O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolation round ;
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
And hurl their idols to the ground.
- 3 Loud let the gospel-trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar :
Let all the isles their Saviour know,
And earth's remotest ends draw near.
- 4 Triumphant here let Jesus reign,
And on his vineyard sweetly smile ;
While all the virtues of his train
Adorn our church, and bless our isle.
- 5 On all our souls let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, in copious showers ;
That we may call our God our friend
That we may hail salvation ours.
- 6 Then shall each age and rank agree,
United shouts of joy to raise :
And Zion, made a praise by thee,
To thee shall render back the praise,

HYMN 20. *Hosannah to Christ coming.*

Tune, 8 or 5.

Luke iv. ver. 18, &c. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

1 **H**A R K, the glad sound! the Saviour
comes,

The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire

3 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield

4 He comes from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to blind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And with the treasures of his grace,
T'enrich the humble poor,

- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace.
Thy welcome shall proclaim :
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN 21. *Christ and Aaron compared.*

Heb. ix.—Tune 5. Dr. WATTS,

- 1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more,
Than the rich gems, and polish'd gold
The sons of Aaron wore.

- 2 They first their own burnt off'rings brought,
To purge themselves from sin ;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

3 Once

- 3 Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears
Before the golden throne.
- 4 But Christ, by his own pow'rful blood
Ascends above the skies:
And in the presence of our God,
Shews his own sacrifice.
- 5 Jesus, the king of Glory reigns
On Zion's heav'nly hill;
Looks like a Lamb that has been slain
And wears his priesthood still.
- 6 He ever lives to intercede
Before his father's face;
Give him, my soul, thy cause to Plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

HYMN

HYMN 22. *The grand Scheme of the Gospel.*
Tune, 17.

Ephes. i.—9, 10, 11. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

1 **W**E sing the deep mysterious plan,
Which God devis'd ere time began,
At length disclos'd in all its light ;
We bless the wond'rous birth of love,
Which beams around us from above,
With grace so free and hope so bright.

2 Here has the wise, eternal mind
In *Christ*, their common head, conjoin'd
Gentiles and *Jews*, and earth and heav'n,
Thro' him from the great Father's throne,
Rivers of bliss come rolling down,
And endless peace and life are giv'n.

3 No more the awful *Cherubs* guard
The tree of life with flaming sword,
To drive afar man's trembling race ;
At *Salem's* pearly gates they stand,
And smiling wait (a friendly band)
To welcome strangers to the place,

4 While

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- 4 While we expect that glorious sight,
 Let love our hearts with theirs unite ;
 And ardent hope our bosoms raise ;
 From earth's dark vale, and tongues of clay,
 To those resplendent relms of day,
 We'll try to send the sounding praise.

HYMN 23. *The Nativity of Christ, for
 Christmas.—Tune 13.—Luke ii. Dr. WATTS*

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the grace appears,
 The promise is fulfill'd ;
Mary, the wondrous Virgin bears,
 And *Jesus* is the Child.

- 2 The Lord the highest God,
 Calls him his only son
 He bids him rule the lands abroad,
 And gives him David's throne.

To bring the glorious news,
 A heav'nly form appears :
 He tells the Shepherds of their joys,
 And banishes their fears.

Go, humble swains said he,
 " To David's city fly ;
 " The promis'd infant born to-day,
 " Doth in a manger lie.

" With looks and hearts serene
 " Go visit Christ your king ;"
 And strait aflaming troop was seen,
 The shepherds heard them sing.

Glory to God on high,
 And heavenly peace on earth,
 Good will to men, to Angells joy,
 At the Redeemer's birth.

HYMN 24, *The Names and Titles of Christ.*

Tune 16. Dr. WATTS.

W I T H chearful voice I sing
 The titles of our Lord,
 And borrow all the names
 Of honour from his word :
 Nature and art
 Can ne'er supply
 Sufficient forms
 Of Majesty.

2 In

- 2 In Jesus we behold
His Father's glorious race,
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely rays :
 The eternal God's
 Eternal son,
 Inherits and
 Partakes the throne.
- 3 The sovereign King of kings,
The Lord of lords most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh:
 His name is call'd
 The Son of God
 The earth he rules
 With gracious nod.
- 4 Immense compassion reigns
In our Immanuel's heart
When he descends to act
A Mediator's part :
 He is a friend
 And brother too,
 Divinely kind,
 Divinely true.

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HYMN 25 *The Offices of Christ. Tune 16.*
Dr. WATTS.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of Wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortal knew ;
That angels ever bore ;
All are too mean
To speak his worth,
Too mean to set
Our Saviour forth.
- 2 Array'd in mortal flesh
He like an Angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hand :
Commission'd from
His Father's throne,
To make his grace
To mortals known.
- 3 Great prophet of our God,
Our tongues would bless thy name,
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;

D

The

The joyful news
Of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd,
And peace with heav'n.

- 4 Now let our souls arise,
And tread the tempter down;
Our *Captain* leads us forth
To conquest and a crown;
A feeble saint
Shall win the day,
'Tho' death and hell
Obstruct the Way.

HYMN 26. *The Example of Christ.* Tune
19. Dr. WATTS.

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer, and my Lord!
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such difference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine,

3 Cold

Cold mountains and the midnight air,
 Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r;
 The desert thy temptations knew.
 Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

- 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
 More of thy gracious image here;
 Then God, my Judge, shall own my name
 Among the followers of the lamb.

HYMN 27. *The Agonies of Christ.* Good
 Friday. Tune 2. Dr. WATTS.

- 1 **N**OW let our pains be all forgot,
 Our hearts no more repine;
 Our suff'rings are not worth a thought,
 When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

- 2 In lively figures here we see
 The bleeding Prince of Love:
 Each of us hope, he dy'd for me,
 And then our griefs remove.

3 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought,
 The wonders of that day;
 No mortal tongue, no mortal thought
 Can equal thanks repay.

4 Our Hymns should sound like those above
 Could we our voices raise;
 Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
 And all our lives be praise.

HYMN 28, *To the Lamb that was slain*
 For the same. Tune 2 or 8.

Rev. 5. Dr. WATTS.

1 **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
 Amidst his Father's throne;
 Prepare new honours for his name,
 And songs before unknown.

2 Eternal Father, who shall look
 Into thy secret will?
 Who but thy Son should take that book,
 And open every seal?

3 He

SELECT HYMNS.

41

- 3 He shall fulfill thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well;
Lo! in his hand the fovereign keys
Of heav'n, and death, and hell.
- 4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid,
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on thy head.
- 5 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

HYMN 29, *The Resurrection of Christ.*
Easter Day. Tune 8 or 20.

Dr. WATTS.

- 1 **B**LEST morning, whose young dawn-
ing rays,
Beheld our rising Lord;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust
And leave his dark abode,

D 3

• In

- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
'Till the revolving skies brought round,
The Third, th' appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our Lord in vain:
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud *Hosannas* shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.
- 5 Salvation, and immortal praise,
To our victorious King;
Let heav'n, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad *Hosannas* ring.

HYMN 30. *The Resurrection of Christ.*
Tune, 16.

Luke xxiv.—24 Dr. DODDRIDGE.

1 **Y**ES, the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er his hellish foes
High rais'd his conquering head.
In wild dismay
The guard around
Fell to the ground
And sunk away.

2 Lo, the angelic band
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high command,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To such a tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And glad their tidings bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!

Their

Their Anthems say,
Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead,
He rose to-day.

- 4 Ye mortals catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell ;
And send the tidings round
The globe on which you dwell ;
Transported cry,
Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead,
No more to die.

- 5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood ;
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning Lord !
Oh ! let us rise
With thee to reign,
And empire gain
Beyond the skies. —

HYMN

HYMN 31. *The Resurrection and Ascension
of Christ. Tune, 20, 8 or 22.*

Dr. WATTS.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of Light-
That cloth'd himself in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our *Emanuel* rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes!
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down?
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

46 SELECT HYMNS.

5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues
To reach his blest'd abode,
Sweet be the accent of your songs
To our incarnate Lord.

6 Bright angels strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise,
Let heav'n, and all created things
Sound our *Emanuel's* praise.

HYMN 32. *Christ the King of the invisible
World. Tune 14, 9, 12, or 23.*
Revelations i.—18. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

1 **H**AIL to the Prince of life and peace
Who holds the keys of death and hell
The spacious world unseen is his,
And sov'reign power becomes him well.

2 In shame and torment once he died,
But now he lives for evermore :
Bow down, ye saints, around his seat,
And all ye angel-bands adore.

3 So

- 3 Solive for ever, glorious Lord,
To crush thy foes, and guard thy friends.
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,
That thy dominion never ends,
- 4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and by love
Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below, and worlds above.
- 5 When death thy servants shall invade,
When power of hell thy church annoy,
Controul'd by thee, their rage shall help
The cause they labour'd to destroy,
- 6 For ever reign victorious king!
Wide thro' the earth thy name be known,
And call my longing soul to sing
Sublimer anthems near thy throne.

HYMN 33. *The Glory of Christ in his
alted State. Tune 3 or 20,*

- 1 **O** THE delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!
- 2 Sweet Majesty, and awful love,
Sit smiling on his brow;
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.
- 3 Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoin
To see him wear the crown.
- 4 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Thro' ev'ry heavenly street;
And lay their brightest honours down
Submissive at his feet.

5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his,
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore!

6 His head, the dear majestic head;
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around!

7 This is the *Man*, th' exalted *Man*,
Whom we, unseen, adore,
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

HYMN 34. *The Effusion of the Spirit, and
Success of the Gospel. For Witsunday.*
Tune 9 or 21. Dr. WATTS.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
 And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save!
 Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words
 Instead of shields and spears, and swords.
- 3 Thus arm'd he lent the Champions forth,
 From *East* to *West*, from *South* to *North*;
 Go, and assert your Saviour's cause,
 Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross.
- 4 Great King of grace, my heart subdue;
 I would be led in triumph too,
 A willing captive to my Lord,
 And sing the vict'ries of his word.

HYMN 35. *A Prayer for Brotherly Love*
Tune 12 or 19.

- 1 JESUS, our Saviour, and our King,
 Of all we have our hope the spring,
 Send down thy spirit from above,
 And warm our hearts with holy love.

2 May

- 2 May we from every act abstain
That hurts or gives our neighbour pain;
And ev'ry secret wish suppress
That would abridge his happiness.
- 3 Still may I feel my heart inclin'd
To act the friend to all mankind :
Still with them safety, health, and ease,
Wealth, fame, eternal life, and peace.
- 4 Still let my bowels melt and flow,
When I behold a wretch in woe ;
And in his sorrows bear a part,
With ev'ry one of heavy heart.
- 5 And should my neighbour spiteful prove,
And let me vanquish spite of love,
Slow to resent, if he should grieve,
Be apt and ready to forgive.
- 6 Let Love in all my conduct shine,
An image faint, tho' fair of thine;
Thus would I thy Disciple prove,
Great Prince of peace, great King of love.

HYMN 36. *Submission to afflictive Providence. Tune 5, or 2.*

Job i.—21. Dr. WATTS.

1 **N**AKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with the dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favors borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 The God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives (and blessed be his name)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace all our angry passions then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent as the sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
 Its praises shall be spread ;
 And we adore the justice too
 That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN 37. *Frail Life.* Tune 2,—Job vii.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a feeble frame is our's!
 How vain a thing is man!
 How frail are all his boasted pow'rs!
 And short, at best, his span,

- 2 Swift as the feather'd arrow flies,
 And cuts the yielding air ;
 Or as a kindling meteor dies,
 E'er it can well appear.

- 3 So pass our fleeting years away,
 And time runs on its race :
 In vain we ask a moment's stay,
 Nor will it slack its pace.

- 4 But Lord, what mighty things depend
 On our precarious breath !
 And soon this dying life will end
 In endless life or death.

- 5 Oh ! make us truly wise to learn
 How very frail we are,
 That we may mind our grand concern,
 And for our change prepare.
- 6 Then may we bid our years roll on,
 And time make hast away ;
 The sooner will our souls be gone
 To endless life and day.

HYMN 33. *Frail Life, and succeeding
 Eternity. Tune 2.*

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal name,
 And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms are we !
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As months and days increase ;
 And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
 Leaves but the number less.

- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb :
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Good God ! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !
Th' eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on ev'ry breath ;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death. .
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road :
And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN 39. *Man mortal. God eternal.—**Tune 9.—Ps. xc. Dr. WATTS.*

1 **T**HRO' ev'ry age, eternal God,
 Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
 High was thy throne e'er heav'n was made,
 Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reign'd e'er time began,
 Or dust was fashioned into man:
 And long thy kingdom shall endure,
 When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
 Made up of guilt and vanity;
 Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just—
Return, ye sinners, to your dust.

4 Death, like an overflowing stream,
 Sweeps us away: our life's a dream,
 An empty tale, a morning flow'r,
 Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

5 Teach

- 5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our span ;
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

HYMN 40. *The final Happiness of the
Righteous. Tune 8 or 30.*

Matt. xxv.—34. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **A**TTEND mine ear, my heart rejoice,
While Jesus from his throne,
Amidst the bright angelic host,
Makes his last sentence known.

- 2 When sinners, banish'd from his face,
To raging flames are driv'n,
His voice, with melody divine,
Thus calls his saints to Heav'n :—

- 3 "Blest of my Father, all draw near,
"Receive the large reward;
"And rise, with triumph to possess
"The kingdom love prepar'd.

4 "E'er

- 4 " E'er earth's foundations first were laid
 " This sov'reign purpose wrought,
 " And rear'd thole palaces divine,
 " To which you now are brought.
- 5 " There shall you reign unnumber'd years,
 " Protected by my power,
 " While sin and hell, and pain and cares,
 " Shall vex your souls no more."
- 6 Come, dear majestic Saviour, come,
 This *Jubilee* proclaim,
 And teach us accents fit to praise
 So great, so dear a name.

HYMN 41: *Grace perfected in Glory.—*

Tune 8, 5 or 20,

1 Peter v.—10, 11. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **H**OW rich thy favors, God of grace!
 How various and divine!
 Full as the ocean they are pour'd,
 And bright as Heav'n they shine.

2 He

- 2 He to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wond'rous way,
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.
- 3 Jesus, the herald of his love,
Displays the radiant prize,
And shews the purchase of his blood
To our admiring eyes,
- 4 The sons of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads thro' sufferings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

HYMN 42. *Communion with God and Christ,*
Tune 13.

1 John i.—3. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 O UR heav'nly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both our friendships shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God

60 SELECT HYMNS.

- 2 God pities all my grief,
He pardons ev'ry day;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.
- 3 How large his bounties are!
What various store of good
Diffus'd from my Redeemer's hand
And purchas'd with his blood!
- 4 Jesus, my living head,
I blest thy faithful care;
Mine advocate before the throne,
And my fore-runner there.
- 5 Here fix my roving heart,
Here wait my warmest love,
Till the Communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

SELECT HYMNS.

61

HYMN 43. *The Dissolution of the World.*
Tune 12 or 9.

2 Peter iii.—11, 12. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

1 **M**Y waken'd soul, extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things;
See this vain world in smoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away.

2 Behold the fiery deluge roll,
Thro' heav'n's wide arch, from pole to pole;
Pale sun, no more thy lustre boast;
Trembl' and fall, ye starry host.

3 This wreck of nature all around,
The Angel's shout, the trumpet's sound
Loud the descending Judge proclaim,
And eccho his tremendous name.

4 Children of Adam all appear
With rev'rence round his awful bar;
For, as his lips pronounce, ye go
To endless bliss, or endless woe.

F

5 Lord,

- 5 Lord, to mine eyes this scene display
 Frequent thro' each revolving day,
 And let thy grace my soul prepare
 To meet its full redemption there!

HYMN 44. *For the Lord's Day.*
 Psalm 118, or Easter. Tune 8, or 20.
 Dr. WATTS.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours his own;
 Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.

- 2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
 And Satan's empire fell;
 To-day the saints his triumph spread,
 And all his wonders tell.

- 3 Hosanna! to th' anointed King,
 To David's holy son!
 Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
 Salvation from the throne.

4 Blest

SELECT HYMNS.

63

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save his sinful race.

5 Hosanna! in the highest strain
The church on earth can raise!
The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

HYMN 45. *Invitation to the Holy Communion*
Tune 9 or 19.

Malachi i.—5. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

1 **M**Y God, and is thy table spread!
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heav'nly food!

F 2

3 Why

64 SELECT HYMNS.

- 3 Why are its dainties all in vain,
Before unwilling hearts display'd?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread.
- 4 O let thy table honor'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 5 Revive thy dying churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more, that energy afford,
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

HYMN 46. *The Pleasure of Public Worship.*
Tune 16. Ps. lxxxiv. Dr. WATTS.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love.
Thy earthly temples are.

To

SELECT HYMNS.

651

To thine abode
My heart aspires
With warm desires;
To see my God.

2 Oh! happy souls! that pray
Where God appoints to hear;
Happy the men that pay
There constant service there:

They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Sion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Thro' this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears:

The glorious seat
Of God our King,
Oh! thither bring
Our willing feet.

- 4 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside.

Where God resorts
I love it more
To keep the door
Than shine in courts.

- 5 The Lord his people loves
His hand no good with-holds,
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls.
Thrice happy he
O God of hosts
Whole spirit trust
Alone in thee

SELECT HYMNS. 67

47 *Evening* HYMN. *Tune 16.*
Bishop KENN.

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, e'er I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the Judgment day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eye-lids close;
Sleep that may me more active make,
To serve my God when I awake.

68 SELECT HYMNS.

5 Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep ;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

6 Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care ;
'Tis Heaven on earth, 'tis Heaven above,
To see thy face, to sing thy love.

HYMN 26, *A plain Translation of Psalmic.*

Tune 14. of 21. Dr. WATTS.

1 YE nations round the earth rejoice
Before the Lord, your sov'reign King ;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice ;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God : 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give ;
We are his work, and not our own ;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
 With praises to his courts repair;
 And make it your divine employ,
 To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
 Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
 And the whole race of man shall find
 His truth from age to age endure.

HYMN 49. Psalm cxlviii. *Tune 16*
 TATE.

1 YE boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your Maker's name;
 His praise your song employ
 Above the starry frame:
 Your voices raise,
 Ye cherubim
 And seraphim,
 To sing his praise.

2 Thou Moon that rul'st the night,
 And Sun that guid'st the day;
 Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
 To him your homage pay:

His

His praise declare
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

- 3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his Holy Name;
By whose Almighty Word
They all from nothing came.
And all shall last
From changes free,
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

- 4 United zeal be shewn
His wond'rous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey,
His glorious way
The sky transcends.

HYMN 50. Psalm civ. Tune 24.

1 **M**Y soul praise the Lord,
Speak good of his Name;
O Lord our great God,
How do'st thou appear!
So passing in glory,
That great is thy fame,
Honor and Majesty
In thee shine most clear.

2 With light as a robe
Thou hast thyself clad,
Whereby all the earth
Thy greatness may see:
The heav'ns in such sort
Thou also hast spread,
That they to a curtain
Compared may be.

3 His chamber-beams lie
In the clouds full sure,
Which as his chariots
Are made him to bear:

Ar

72 SELECT HYMNS.

And there with much swiftness
 His course doth endure,
 Upon the wings riding
 Of winds in the air.

HYMN 51. Psalm xcv. TATE.
Tune 23.

1 **O** COME, loud anthems let us sing,
 Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
 For we our voices high should raise,
 When our Salvation's Rock we praise.
 Into his presence let us haste,
 To thank him for his favors past;
 To him address in joyful songs
 The praise that to his name belongs.

2 For God the Lord, enthron'd in state,
 Is with unrivall'd glory great;
 A King superior far to all,
 Whom, by his title, God we call.
 O let us to his courts repair,
 And bow with adoration there;
 Down on your knees devoutly all
 Before the Lord our maker fall.

HYMN

HYMN 52. Psalm xxxiii. *Tune 22.* TATE.

- 1 **L**ET all the just to God with joy
Their chearful voices raise,
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise :
For faithful is the Word of God,
His works with truth abound ;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.
- 2 By his Almighty Word at first
Heav'n's glorious arch was rear'd,
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appear'd :
Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
Shall stand for ever sure,
The settled purpose of his heart ;
To ages shall endure.
- 3 Our souls on God with patience wait,
Our help and shield is he,
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee.
The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend ;
Since we for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.

HYMN 53. Psalm xxxvi. *Tune 21.*

- 1 **H**IGH in the heav'n's, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud,
Which veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy Providence is kind and large,
Both men and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
The Good are thy peculiar care.
- 4 O God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs,
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

T H E

T H E I N D E X.

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I N D E X.

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